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His Word of Honor

A Comedy in Three Acts

By
CHARLES GOTT



BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

1911

His Word of Honor

CHARACTERS

DICK WALTHOUR, *a senior.*

HARVEY GRANT, *a senior, president of the Student Council.*

BERT FLEMMING, *Dick's roommate, a junior.*

ARTHUR CARSON, *a Virginian, a junior.*

WILLIAM HENRY FRASER, *alias "Kid," a freshman, and slang artist.*

HUNTER
JACKSON
KING
WILKINS

} *students.*

JEREMIAH HACKETT, *a sophomore, Fraser's roommate.*

COFFEY, *a postman.*

HELEN FLEMMING, *Bert's sister, a junior.*

JANETTE GORDON, *a junior.*

MOLLY ATKINS, *a freshman.*

ARETHUSA A. JUDKINS, *a sophomore and a "grind."*

MRS. MACINCHBALD, *the chamber-"maid."*

PROFESSOR NICELY, PROFESSOR LOOMIS, *and others.*

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I.—Room of Walthour and Flemming in East Hall.

ACT II.—Scene 1. Professors' Row, next morning.

Scene 2. Room of Walthour and Flemming, same morning.

ACT III.—The Fine Arts room in the library, three days later.

PLACE.—Tufts College.

TIME.—Mid-year examination period.

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ACT I

SCENE.—*A college room. Door c., to hall; portières over R. U. E., leading to bedroom. Two windows L., overlooking snow-covered campus. Desks and swivel chairs down R. and L. Couch and pillows up R. Table with smoking things up L. Chairs, etc.*

(Curtain rises on dark stage. Noise of scuffling, whistling and snatches of song without.)

FIRST VOICE *(outside)*. Hey, John! Oh, John!

SECOND VOICE *(outside)*. Hello?

FIRST VOICE. Does the exam cover oblique triangles in the spherical?

SECOND VOICE. Sure; everything we've had.

FIRST VOICE. The devil you say. Hello, Dick; hello, Bert.

DICK WALTHOUR. } Hello. How a' ya, freshman?
BERT FLEMMING. }

Enter DICK, ARTHUR CARSON and BERT. DICK crosses stage to desk L. with lighted match in hand. Turns on light.

BERT. That applied is the only thing that I'm much afraid of, except highways.

CAR. Highways, yes, and mechanism, and steam, and chem., and a few more.

BERT. Oh, those won't be so worse. If I can only get by applied, I'll get off probation. What d'jou get in applied last year, Dick?

DICK. I think it was a B or a B minus, I forget which.

CAR. Wow! *(Sits on sofa.)*

BERT. Oh, you're not in our class at all. What were you trying to do, shark the course?

DICK. Why, that's nothing; Smiler got an A minus last year. What d'jou get in the last test?

BERT (*with a shrug*). Gad, I got a C on the first one, but I've been averaging L ever since.

CAR. Lawd! I never got more than an L.

DICK. Well, have your formulas down cold, whatever you do.

BERT. I suppose so. Je-rusalem, wouldn't I like to kill that exam. Zowey! But there'll be no taking cribs to your exams under this new honor system; too many watching you. Couldn't use it.

CAR. (*disparagingly*). Oh, yes, the honor system. Well, I don't know. If a fellow watches you-all too sharp, somebody'll think he's cribbing and nail him.

DICK. You fellows make me laugh. Neither of you would take a crib to class if you could.

BERT. Well, sometimes they let us. (*Noise outside.*) Here's Kid.

(WILLIAM HENRY FRASER *knocks c.*, then enters without waiting.)

KID. Hi, fellers; seen my wife, Bert?

BERT. Nope. Where the deuce were you at supper time?

KID. Oh, there was a bunch of us playing basket-ball after gym, and nobody knew what time it was.

CAR. Freshman trick!

KID. Gosh, I'm hungry as blazes, and Jerry's got my key. I'd like to know where —

DICK. Why, say, Hackett and Grant had a long Student Council meeting, and went down to supper late.

CAR. That's right. I met 'em down here near the whatcher-call-it—the "Bird Cage."

KID. Oh, sure, I remember now. Gee! it's more bother looking after that darn wife of mine —

(*Knocking without.*)

BERT. }
DICK. } Come in!

Enter JEREMIAH HACKETT and HARVEY GRANT.

KID. Here he is now. Hello, angel face!

(*Greetings, etc.; business; GRANT sits R. C.*)

HACK. What's that you're saying, runt?

KID. I said,—it's a wonder you wouldn't stay away all night with my key while you're at it, you mutt!

DICK. He says he has a hard time looking after you, Jerry.

HACK. Is that right? Well, it'll be up to me to take care of him if I see him talking to any more of these co-eds. (*Cries of "What!" "Discovered!" etc.* HACK. *nods.*) Bert, got a pipeful of tobacco?

(BERT *motions to tobacco-jar on table.* HACK. *steps to it.*)

GRANT. And you're one of these co-ed despisers! Tell us about it, Kid.

KID. Aw, go on! Can the chatter! What you talking about?

HACK. (*filling pipe*). That's right, try to bluff it off. I mean down to the end of the Row this afternoon. (*Lights pipe.*)

KID. Oh, well! That was just—she was just giving me a bid to some party the Round and Round Club is giving, that was all that was.

HACK. (*with a laugh*). Round and Round Club! What's that?

KID. Don't you know? (*As if reciting.*) "The Round and Round Club embraces all the girls." I wish *I* was the Round and Round — (*Interrupted by cries of "Oh, rotten!" "Punk!" "Put him out!"*) Aw, you fellows wouldn't know a good joke if it hit you in the eye.

(HACK. *sits L. C.*)

DICK (*behind him, winking to the others, quietly*). Well, are you going to it, Kid?

KID. Sure; I guess so. (*Others laugh at him.*)

BERT. Surrendered without a skirmish! I've always said that co-ed hating was only a pose with most of these fellows. And this one was always running 'em down. Kid, your bluff's called.

CAR. You can't tell; maybe she frightened him into it, eh, Kid?

KID (*getting off desk L., where he has been perched, coming toward C.*). Will you hear who's talking? Every one of them a fusser! Bert, with a path worn between East Hall and the Bird Cage. (*Here HACK. bursts into a guffaw, pointing at BERT. KID pauses to look at him and he sobers at once, while KID continues.*) Dick, with a standing date for Sunday afternoons, because Bert's sister and he both live too far to go

home Sundays—Paris, Me.; and as for this on the couch (*indicating CAR.*), that talks about being frightened,—why it even drops a cigarette like a hot coal when it pipes Molly Atkins standing its way,—and she's only about half as big as it is, at —

CAR. That'll be about all from you, freshman.

KID. Why, you ought t' seen him the other day when Molly —

(*CAR. hits him with pillow. KID retreats to desk.*)

BERT (*rescuing pillow*). Hey! Hey! Look out what you're doing with my Gamma Delta Pi pillow!

(*Business. BERT brushes pillow, places it on sofa and returns to chair during next speeches.*)

DICK. Nix on the rough there, you two.

KID. Gee, this married life must be h-hawful! Look at him! (*BERT and pillow.*) What the dickens is it loaded with, pig iron? Or were you trying to lay me out for fair?

CAR. (*with dignity*). Well, you may as well cut out bandy-ing names that don't concern you.

HACK. You unsophisticated, insignificant infant, get wise, or Carson will open his mouth and swallow you.

KID (*throwing out his chest*). Insignificant nothing! I guess you don't realize that you're talking to the captain of the freshman tennis team! (*The others laugh.*)

GRANT. Captain of the pinocle team would be a better berth for you, Kid.

HACK. Yes, or sub right-field on the East Hall second team.

KID. No use. I'm too busy working out a formula to beat the honor system.

Enter HUNTER with "Weeklies."

BERT. Well, what do you know about this, the *Weekly* at half-past seven!

(*HUNTER hands DICK paper; BERT also gets one.*)

HUNTER. I guess we're some fast, eh?

CAR. Le's have a paper, Louis.

HUNTER. Go on: yours is up in West.

(CAR. *looks disgusted and does not insist.*)

DICK. Here's an account of your Student Council meeting, Harvey. That's going some.

HUNTER. What are you going to do to mechanics problems to-morrow, Carson?

(CAR. *replies with a grimace.*)

GRANT. What does it say?

HUNTER (*to KID, who wants a paper*). No, yours is out here under your door, freshman.

(KID *gets paper as HUNTER goes. HACK. deftly takes it from him.*)

KID. Hey, give us that, you rummy!

GRANT. Dry up and give Dick a chance.

DICK (*reading*). "At a meeting of the Student Council held January 28th, at four-thirty, the final plans for the introduction of the honor system, and the policy of the council in regard to it were discussed. The matter ——"

BERT. Oh, that's no good. Here's an editorial that tells the story.

KID. By all means; let the professor read.

BERT (*reading*). "To-morrow for the first time the long-talked-of honor system goes into effect at Tufts. In adopting the honor system, the student body takes upon itself the responsibility of securing honesty in examinations. It is simply a transfer of responsibility from faculty to students whereby each and every student becomes a proctor who is pledged and in honor bound to report any instance of cheating which he may see or discover."

KID. Aw, say, that's kinder rough.

HACK. Shut up, freshman, and gi's a cigarette.

(KID *produces cigarettes.*)

BERT (*continuing*). "Contrary to a rather current notion among the students, the attitude of the faculty has always been that it was ready to introduce the honor system whenever the students were ready to assume this responsibility. As printed in copies of the rules issued a short time ago, instructors will remain in the room only long enough to distribute examinations and answer all necessary questions. Perfect freedom of move-

ment will be allowed ; the students may leave the room or building at any time during the examination ; but for a student to discuss any part or phase of the examination before both are through will make him liable to report to the Student Council. The Council will try all cases of alleged dishonesty reported to them and will render their verdict upon the case, with their recommendations, in writing, to the faculty. Judging from the present attitude of the Council, there is little room to doubt that they will choose the more drastic of the two possible recommendations which the rules offer, and that their recommendation will be to expel any person convicted of cheating." Gosh, Harvey, is that right? Do you expect to fire a fellow out for cribbing?

GRANT. Yes.

BERT. What, first offense?

GRANT. Yes. If a fellow can't exercise enough self-control to keep from cribbing when he knows he's got to say he hasn't, he deserves to be fired.

CAR. (*disgusted*). Well, I'll be hanged!

DICK. Gad, it's me for keeping my eyes glued to my paper. I'd hate like h-heverything to get one of my friends fired out.

CAR. Or one of your enemies, either.

DICK. Haven't any!

HACK. Ad a boy, Dick!

KID. Gee, you have to be proctor to yourself, too, don't you? That's the worst part of it.

DICK. Not much. You're way off. It'll be a darned sight harder to tell about another man's cheating than to keep from it yourself.

KID. Well, you may be right, at that. Gee whiz, one of your own frat men, or your roommate!

BERT (*looking at paper*). Well, look. It says a fellow—er—"may leave the room or building at any time during the examination." Does that mean that he can go to his room for a smoke?

HACK. Why, sure ; he can if he wants to.

BERT. Then how are they going to tell that he hasn't got wise to a couple of points while he was there?

GRANT. That's where a man's honor comes in. Besides, he has to write at the end of the exam that he hasn't received or given any assistance.

CAR. Huh! That's great!

KID. Suppose he doesn't write it?

GRANT. Well, the instructor's got to ask him to. The chances are he won't refuse to sign if he hasn't cheated.

CAR. Humph! Hanged if I'd write it. Prexy said he wasn't in favor of that.

BERT. Well, it's all the same to me. If I get by applied, I'll cheer for the honor system, or any other old system.

KID (*laughing*). Gee, I've got quite a job cut out for me if I'm going to beat that system, just the same!

BERT (*same*). You're darned right, Kid.

KID. And besides (*getting up, stretching and yawning*), I haven't had any supper. Playin' basket-ball after gym. I could eat a raw dog. Who's coming down to the dog-cart?

(*Goes up to c.*)

HACK. Well, I was too late to get much to eat at the house. Ahem—I am experiencing a feeling of void in my abdominal cavity. (*Up.*)

KID. Void be hanged! You mean you've got a gnawing sound in your dog-house. That's the worst of rooming with an A. B. He's always tearing off something like that.

BERT. What I like is these big, hot, fried egg sandwiches.

KID. Oh, let me at 'em! (*Starts for door.*)

HACK. Hold on there. Remember you are to have the company of a gentleman.

KID. Oh!

(*Looks around stage and behind HACK. Business.*)

HACK. (*bewildered*). What the deuce are you looking for?

KID. I'm looking for that gentleman.

[*Exit KID, pursued by HACK.*]

GRANT. He's a great boy, that Kid.

DICK. Gad, he's a corker!

BERT. He's there and no mistake.

CAR. He gets almost too fresh sometimes, though.

GRANT. Oh, run away! You're sore because he showed you up. Why don't you marry the girl?

CAR. (*resignedly*). Oh, well;—you-all—never mind. (*Rises.*) I guess I'll go up and sharpen my pencils for tomorrow's Sunday-school picnic.

GRANT. You don't seem to be very strong for the new scheme. What's the matter with it?

CAR. Oh, it's all right, I suppose. You-all wouldn't be in-

terested in my views. Bert, where'd I put my hat? Oh, here it is.

DICK. What'd you say you had to-morrow?

CAR. Applied mechanics. Ten forty-five.

BERT. What are you going to study for it?

CAR. I dunno. Come on up by and by, will you?

BERT. Sure, I guess so.

CAR. Good-night!

OTHERS (*variously*). 'Night. [*Exit CAR.*

GRANT (*rising, standing in back of chair*). What's the matter with that yap, anyway? Doesn't he think the honor system is a good thing, Bert?

BERT. Why, I don't know. Sure, I guess so.

GRANT. You're the only one that he goes around with, you ought to know.

BERT. Well, he did say that he didn't see what good it was.

DICK. Yes, I was talking to him on the way up, and I was trying to tell him about the moral benefits of it. He wasn't convinced, I don't believe.

GRANT. Well,—for heaven's sakes, he'll abide by majority rule, won't he?

BERT. Oh, sure he will. He's all right, Carson is, only he says the crowd don't understand him, that's all.

GRANT. H'm! Then he better be easier for the crowd to understand. (*Gets up, yawns and stretches; walks to door c.*) Well, I guess I'll go up-stairs. I'll be down for that book on sanitary when you get through with it, Dick.

DICK. All right, you can have it before long.

GRANT. 'Right. So long.

[*Exit, c. Pause; business.*

DICK. I guess you've got enough to do right here to-night, haven't you, with that exam in applied coming to-morrow?

BERT. Oh, I don't know. There's not much use studying for his exams. You'll flunk 'em anyway, so what's the use?

DICK. Rats! Go through that last year's exam I gave you.

(*They begin to study, back to back. Business.*)

BERT. Say, Dick, about that column problem I was asking you about this afternoon—what formula did you say to use?

DICK. Well, there's only one formula you can use in problems like that: that's Rankine's. Ever heard of Rankine's formula?

BERT. Oh, yah! Le's see, that's big P equals twelve thousand A over L-square—is it L-square?

DICK. Huh? No, let's see—it's one plus L-square over thirty-six thousand R-square.

BERT (*finding place in book*). Oh, yes. Big P equals twelve thousand A, over one plus L-square over thirty-six thousand R-square, plus e y over R-square. Is that right?

DICK. Yep. (*Is very busy; pause.*)

BERT. Well, this is big P. What's small p?

DICK. What's small p? Unit pressure, isn't it? (*More and more impatiently.*) Yes, that's unit pressure; you don't want that. Gee whiz!

BERT. Oh, yes.—Well, what's this r, now?

DICK. R is Rats! Rum!—Radius of gyration, idiot; didn't the Prof. drill that into you?

BERT. Oh, sure. (*Pause.*) Twelve thousand A over one plus L-square—that's—say, do you take this L in feet or inches?

DICK. Inches, inches, you bone-head!—I'm studying!

(*Pause.*)

BERT. Here's another thing I don't see; if e is your eccentricity, and y is—le's see—y is the distance to your outermost fibre—how can you tell which radius of gyration to use?—Huh?—Dick!

DICK. Oh, shut up! I don't know! What the devil do you keep asking me about it for? For heaven's sake, use your head! I can't take the examination for you! You've got to dope something out for yourself!

BERT (*injured*). Well, what's the matter with you? Can't you give a fellow a lift?

DICK. Well, yes, I can, but I don't expect to have to lug him round on my back! If you had stayed here oftener nights instead of beating it all around with Carson, you'd know something about it yourself.

BERT. Carson, that's right, lug in Carson! (*Rises, goes to c.*) What the deuce have you got against Carson, anyhow?

DICK. I've nothing particular against Carson,—and no particular use for him either, as far as that goes. In the first place he isn't a sticker.

BERT. Why isn't he?

DICK. Before he came here he went to Michigan a year, and before that to Colgate—never two years in one place.

And he always thinks he's getting in wrong. He doesn't feel as if he fitted here, and he thinks it's not his fault.

(BERT *sits on sofa.*)

BERT. Well, that's all right. Maybe he couldn't get what he wanted at the other places.

DICK. Oh, rats! He doesn't seem to be sharking anything here, not so's you'd notice it,—and you're taking things pretty blamed easy yourself.

BERT (*rising*). I don't know that it's any of your business if I am, Grandfather Walthour.

DICK. It *is* my business. When you came down here your father especially asked me to room with you, to give you a lift, and keep you headed right, and up to now I've made it my business, not because you've always been so everlasting pleasant, but because I was anxious to please your father—and because Helen is always inquiring and anxious about your success.

BERT (*coming down to his desk*). So good of you to want to please dad, when he's been advancing your tuition for the last year and a half!

DICK. Oh, come on, Bert, cut that out.

BERT. Well, he did, didn't he?

DICK. Merely as a loan, yes. (BERT *sits.*) But your father is a dozen times more level-headed than you will ever be, and he doesn't expect me to black your boots on account of it,—and what's more I don't intend to. Furthermore, any business transaction I have with your father doesn't concern you, so put that in your pipe and smoke it. I'm getting mighty sick of the spirit you have been displaying for the last two months, and if you can't get together and show some fight for yourself, you can go straight to the devil for all of me. Now buckle down and get busy! (*Crosses to his desk.*)

BERT (*pausing a moment, then jumping up, taking his cap*). Watch me!

DICK. Here, where you going?

(*Exit BERT, slamming door; DICK makes a motion as if to follow, but stops. In a moment, enter GRANT, in a bath robe.*)

GRANT. Through with the book, Dick?

DICK. Yes.

(GRANT goes to DICK's desk, takes book.)

GRANT. Where's Bert?—What's the matter?

DICK. Oh, I got after him about his work, and he got sore and went—out.

GRANT. Why, is he— isn't he up in his studies?

DICK. He's on pro., and I don't see how he'll ever get by if he doesn't pass applied mechanics.

GRANT. Darned if I'd bother with him if that's the spirit he's got.

DICK. Bother! I've got to bother with him! We've been round together all our lives up to this year, Harvey. He's always been the best-hearted kid you ever saw until now. Got everything to work for, and look what he's doing.

GRANT (*up R. C.*). That's the way with some fellows. Have everything in the world come their way, and don't know enough—— (BERT's voice without.) That's Bert, isn't it? (*Enter BERT; goes into bedroom. GRANT watches BERT into bedroom, then turns.*) Well, so long. [*Exit, c.*]

DICK. Going to study the applied with Carson, Bert?

BERT (*coming out with derby on, putting on overcoat*). No!

DICK. Why, for heaven's sake, you're not going away to-night, are you?

BERT (*at desk, getting box of cigarettes; defiantly*). Yes, I am. Any objections? (*Coolly lights cigarette.*)

DICK. Yes, I have. You've got an exam to-morrow, and you ought to be studying for it.

CAR. (*from outside, impatiently*). Come on, Bert; we'll never get within a mile of the Epicure if you don't hustle.

DICK. Now look here, Bert, you'd better cut this out. If you don't get by this exam you won't get off pro., that's all. Think it over, now. (*Puts his hand on his arm detainingly.*) Come on now, take off your coat and get busy, will you?

BERT (*throwing off his hand and stepping toward door*). Go to the devil, you mollicoddle! I'll do as I please.

[*Exit C., slamming door.*]

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE I.—*A bit of Professors' Row, next morning at 8:50. Snow strip in foreground; set tree; sidewalk; fence and tree-tops in background. Only half stage need be used. May be set in one.*

Enter HUNTER, JACKSON, KING and WILKINS, R., one, KING, turning pages of book.

HUNTER. Only two more exams for me after this one.

JACK. Same here. Then me for the woods till registration.

KING. When's registration come, anyway?

HUNTER (*cheerfully*). Oh, that needn't worry you. You'll have your trunk packed by that time.

(The dialogue must be rapid.)

WILKINS. Sure, you'll be on your way back to Saugus by that time.

KING. Not 'f I pass this exam ——

JACK. Cheer up, you won't. Mark's exams are sons-o'-guns, I heard.

(All go out talking.)

Enter DICK, L.; GRANT, R.

GRANT. Hello, Dick.

DICK. Hello, Harv. Got an exam this hour?

(They stop c.)

GRANT. No; I've got to turn in an exam book to Nancy, that's all. Where you bound? (*Starts away.*)

DICK (*speaking as he walks*). Up to the room. Is Bert up yet?

GRANT. No; didn't see him.

DICK. So long. [*Exeunt DICK, L., GRANT, R.*

(Enter KID and HACK., L., walking slowly.)

KID. He's all the candy when it comes to shootin' baskets. Did you see him in the Williams game? Oh, what speed!

HACK. Yah! Hey, here comes Arethusa; now watch me make her sit up and take notice.

KID. What for? Here, hold this.

(*Gives HACK. book while he ties his shoe. Business.*)

Enter ARETHUSA A. JUDKINS, with another girl, L.

HACK. (*in a loud voice*). Now, I consider Plato's pluralistic immaterialism infinitely superior—(*ARETH. bows; HACK. takes off cap*) infinitely superior to any teleological conception previously advanced, despite his occasional ascetism.

ARETH. (*to her companion*). I think Mr. Hackett is just splendid! He's so intellectual! [*Exeunt girls, R.*]

KID. Oh, Agnes! Is your jaw still on?

HACK. Sure. That's the kind of stuff she likes to tear off.

KID. Well, y' know what Cap. "Dusty" said.

HACK. What d' he say?

KID (*taking box*). Says some o' these co-eds oughter forget they're co-eds, and remember they're human. Go on, here's a bunch of 'em. (*Looks off L. HACK. and KID are facing each other. HACK. looking off R., lifts cap and smiles. KID looks behind him.*) Oh, you soft guy! G'wan, here's Tard.

(*Pushes HACK. off R.*)

Enter MOLLY ATKINS and JANETTE GORDON, R., then PROFESSOR NICELY; followed by HELEN FLEMMING and several other girls, L., some carrying bags or suit cases. PROF. N. bows to girls, and exits L. Salutations; business. HEL. stops MOL. and JAN. near R.; other girls exeunt L.

HEL. Where are you going?

JAN. Just down to the post-office. Come on down with us.

MOL. Yes, come on.

HEL. No, I can't. I've got to study economics. Did you notice "Tard." hustling to his exam? Most five minutes late, as usual.

JAN. Oh, sure enough. (*Looks off L., and smiles.*)

MOL. He has German three this hour.

JAN. (*turning*). Oh, we just met Dick.

HEL. Did you? Where?

JAN. Up there. Molly said he looked like a Pilgrim elder. Say, come on. (*Starts toward R.*)

HEL. I can't, really.

MOL. Well, he did. He must have a hard exam or something,—his face was as long as that (*business*) truly.

HEL. No, he said he didn't,—not this morning. Bert has, though.

JAN. Has he? What is it?

MOL. Yes, I think Arthur Carson has that, too. Applied—something or other.

JAN. Here's Leo.

Enter PROFESSOR LOOMIS, L. *Passes over the stage, bows to girls, exits* R.

HEL. I guess that applied stuff is awfully hard. Bert says it is.

MOL. (*nodding*). M-m.

JAN. (*as* PROF. L. *goes out*). Say, I thought the girls had French five this hour?

MOL. They do. Alice Johnson —

JAN. Well, what's Leo back for then?

MOL. I—don't —

HEL. Oh, I know; it's this new honor system business. The professors don't stay in the room after the exam begins.

JAN. Oh, yes. Isn't it silly? I don't see what good it is.

MOL. Nor I, either. All this business about the whatcher-call-it at the end to say you didn't crib. Just as if anybody'd cheat in a mid-years!

JAN. And you have to tell if you see any one cheating.

MOL. Well, I wouldn't, I'll tell you that much!

JAN. But, Molly,—why—why—you said you would when you voted for it.

MOL. (*brazenly*). I didn't vote for it.

HEL. What! You didn't?

JAN. You — Why, Molly, you did, too—it was unanimous,—Mabel said so.

MOL. I don't care if she did (*half mockingly*) say so. I didn't vote for it, so there! When Mabel said, "All in favor please say 'Aye,'" I just opened my mouth, and didn't say a word. Do you call that voting for it?

JAN. (*reflectively*). I—I don't know; I suppose not—and yet —

HEL. Well, I think you ought to do as the majority says, Molly. It's merely a case of applying Studey Gov. rules to examinations.

MOL. I never reported any one for Studey Gov. rules, and I don't intend to. And what's more, I'd like to see the girl that would report me.

JAN. Oh, bother Studey Gov.—and freshmen. Come on, girls, I want to mail these letters.

MOL. Oh, wait, here's Demi-Tasse; he'll take them down.

HEL. Who's Demi-Tasse?

MOL. Oh, young Coffey.

Enter COFFEY, R., with book and letter.

COF. Here's a special delivery for you, Miss Flemming. *(Gives her letter, and shows place in book.)* Right there.

HEL. *(signing)*. Oh!—oh! from father! I wonder what it is. Thank you. *(Returns book to COF.)*

JAN. *(to COF., as HEL. opens letter)*. Oh, here. Will you mail these, please? *(Gives him letters.)*

COF. Sure, I'd just's soon. *(Business; COF. and letters.)*

JAN. Thank you.

[Exit COF., R.]

HEL. *(reading letter)*. Oh, he's coming to Boston Thursday, maybe Wednesday, and he's coming out here. *(They start toward L.)* Isn't that great?

MOL. } Oh, dandy! Isn't that fine?
JAN. }

Enter ARETH., L., with letters, meeting girls C.

ARETH. Hello, Helen; have you studied for the psychology?

HEL. No; not yet.

ARETH. I see. I think I saw your brother last night, Helen.

HEL. Oh, Bert? Where?

ARETH. On the car, when I was coming out from the opera.

(With ostentation.)

HEL. Oh, I don't believe it was Bert, was it?

ARETH. Well, I wasn't sure. I didn't look very closely.

HEL. No, I guess it wasn't my brother. He had to study last night.

ARETH. I see. Well, this man was sort of—asleep,—so I wasn't positive. I thought it looked something like him.

HEL. Oh, no; it couldn't have been. He has an exam to-day.

ARETH. Well, of course I don't know him very well.

[Exit, R.]

JAN. Bert! Of course it wasn't!

MOL. Oh, she's funny. She's always seeing things.

[*Exeunt, L.*]

Enter several students R., among them GRANT, with KID bringing up the rear.

HUNTER. No, sir, no more lab. for mine till after mid-years, eh, Brown?

JACK. Me either. I've done enough to get by, any ——

KID (*who has been looking back*). Hey, fellers, stand here a second,—here's Jerry. You know what he said down to the house about sendin' oranges to Leo? (*To GRANT.*) Well, I'm going to tell him I told Leo.

GRANT. He won't believe it.

HUNTER. Why, what'd he say?

KID. Well, y' know Jerry got a fierce review test from Leo and flunked it.—Sore as blazes. So I was comin' up to Loo's with some Glee Club stuff, 'nd he says, "Tell Leo I'm going to send him a box of oranges," he says. "A Prof. that can give an exam like that oughter be appreciated."

GRANT. Sarcastic as the deuce, you know.

KID. Ya, but I just said, "All right," and beat it out. Now wait till I tell him I told Leo.

JACK. Gee, d'ye think he'll swallow that?

HUNTER. Sure he will.

GRANT (*sotto voce*). Talk about something else. (*Enter HACK. GRANT, aloud.*) Now, I think this graduate coaching is a good thing myself.

KID. Comin' up to the room, Jerry? Oh, say, I told Leo that you were going to send him those oranges.

HACK. Yes, you did!

KID (*seriously*). Sure; I saw him, all right. He seemed kinder pleased, and he says it'll be the first time he ever got a box of oranges in return for a lemon. (*They laugh.*)

HACK. Aw, go on; you didn't tell him.

KID. I tell you I did. Why? Why shouldn't I?

HACK. Do you mean to say you told Leo what I said?

KID. Darn sure I did. Didn't you tell me to?

GRANT. Well, you darned bone-head, Kid! Can't you take a joke?

KID. Why? What joke? He asked me to tell him, didn't he?

HACK. Well,—I'll—be —— You mutt, you numbskull !
What the devil can I do ?

GRANT. I'd take a sneak in and tell Leo all about it.

HUNTER. Sure, I would. He'll think it's bribery.

HACK. (*looking dubiously toward PROF. L.'s house*). Gee, I guess I'll have to. (*Starts off R.*)

KID. Ya, go ahead. We'll wait here for you. (*Exit*

HACK., R.) I thought he meant —— (*Pause.*) Ha, ha, ha !

JACK. Aw, say, that's a crime ! What'll he say to Leo ?

KID. Leo ain't home. No, I saw him going up to the libr'y just before we came up.

HUNTER. Didn't he bite nice, though ? Oh, Lord !

KID. Yah—here he comes back, hot-foot. Sober up !
(*Pause as they wait for HACK., who hurries in R.*) What did he say, Jerry ?

HACK. (*hardly stopping*). Aw, he wasn't home. I'm going to get Deac. to fix it up with him. You bone-head, Fraser !

(*Exit HACK., L. Business of laughter by the others. Exeunt omnes, L. Curtain or change.*)

SCENE 2.—*The room of DICK and BERT, same morning, an hour later. DICK is discovered at his desk, studying. He looks at his watch, then toward the door of the bedroom. Calls.*

DICK. Bert !—Oh, Bert !

BERT (*off stage, sleepily*). Huh ?

DICK. Come on, you've got an examination next hour. Get a move on. (*In a minute, enter BERT, R., in bath robe, looking disheveled and dissipated. Business. Glances sheepishly at DICK. DICK looks at him for a moment, then laughs.*) Ha, ha, ha ! You're certainly a mess ! Look's if you'd been on a bat for a week ! Take a look at yourself !

BERT (*grinning a bit, sheepishly*). 'Time is it, anyway ?

DICK. After ten o'clock ; guess you better get together for your exam. Did you look at the book after you came in last night ?

BERT (*shuddering*). N-no ; say, it's cold in here. (*Business.*) Gee, I'm sleepy !

DICK (*dryly*). I thought likely. Well, you got time to get one or two formulas yet if you hustle—'specially Rankine's.

You'll have that sure,—and you know you can't crib under this new honor system.

BERT. Oh, Lord, how'll I ever get by? I gotta have something to eat before I c'n do a blame thing; I'm empty for fair. (*Yawns.*)

DICK. There's not much time. There's some bananas and cake and stuff in the bottom drawer of my dresser. Better feed here and save all the time you can.

(BERT starts for bedroom, looks at DICK, hesitates, and then turns toward DICK, who is at his desk, back to BERT.)

BERT. Say, Dick, you're—you're a good old scout, and no mistake. I—I guess I talked pretty rotten to you last night—and I want to —

DICK. Oh, forget it, Bert. That's all right, forget it,—I have.

BERT. No, it isn't all right. I know I was a darn crumb to say what I did. I do know when a fellow uses me white, after all,—although I'm not worth it,—I'm not worth it,—or anything else.

DICK. Oh, come on now; cut out this "unworthy" business! You're just feeling a little "morning-afterish," that's all's the matter with you. This is the first time you've been on pro., and you can get off yet if you boost. You can do it! You've got the brains if you'll only get down to it.

BERT. I don't know about that.

DICK. Well, I do. Take a brace and give it a try!—Worth it! You've got to be worth it now, you've got to! You can't throw away all your father's hopes for you just for want of a little sand! You'd—you'd finish him.—And then Helen. Stuck by you all through, Helen has,—when you had your scrap with him and all,—always sure you'd win out. You couldn't disappoint Helen that way, after the way she's treated you. Buck up, old man, get together, and I'll bet we'll show them up yet! (*Slaps him on the back.*)

BERT (*shaking shoulders*). Gad, you pump the nerve into a fellow! I guess you can put some money that same way for me, too.

DICK. That's the eye! Now you're talking! Go to it!

(BERT starts toward bedroom, then turns again.)

BERT. Say, but you were right about that man Carson. I'm going to give him the go-by after this.

DICK. Why, what's the matter?

BERT. Well, I d' know, but I—I could have kept after the lessons better if it hadn't been for him. He was always asking me to go somewhere, and taking me away from studying. I'd never 'a' got on pro. if it hadn't been for him.

DICK. Oh, rats! Forget it! Don't rub it into Carson. It's as much your fault as his. Now get into your clothes.

BERT (*at desk*). Ya, I will. You always kept me off pro. when I got these little "billy-doo" from the office before. (*Shows a bunch of faculty warnings. DICK shakes his head.*) Sure you did! I'll fight shy of that correspondence after this. It's me for the "immediate and marked improvement."

(*Goes inside of bedroom, gets soap, towel, etc.*)

DICK (*laughing*). Well, you want to. (*Exit BERT, c., with towel, etc. Business. DICK goes over and looks at BERT's notices, then smiling, goes to his desk and pulls one from drawer, which he smiles over. Enter CAR. with green bag as DICK speaks.*) "Immediate and marked improvement." Ha, ha, ha!—Oh, hello, Carson.

CAR. (*with a ready-to-sneer air*). What the dickens! Have you got a warning?

DICK. No, this is one I got my freshman year.

CAR. Oh! (*Picks up paper from table.*) Where's Bert?—Up? (*Sits R. with paper.*)

DICK. Yes—washing.

CAR. M-hm. (*DICK takes hat.*) Going out?

DICK. Yes—library. Ready for your exams, I suppose?

CAR. (*shrugging*). Oh,—huh—sure. (*Exit DICK. CAR. lights cigarette. Enter BERT.*) Ah there, Cutey! How are you now? (*BERT growls in reply and goes into bedroom.*) What's the matter, Bert; all in this morning?

BERT (*from bedroom*). No.

CAR. (*with a laugh*). Need a seltzer?

BERT. No!

(*CAR., business; pause. BERT comes in dressed, eating a piece of cake. Goes to desk.*)

CAR. (*smiling*). Going to begin on the applied, Bert?

BERT (*mouth full*). Well, suppose I am?

CAR. Oh, cheer up; I'm not going to ask you for half your breakfast.

BERT. Who said you were?

CAR. Well, say, what the dickens is the matter with you, anyhow? Does your face pain you? Or have you got hydrophobia? You've done nothing but growl ever since I came in.

BERT. 'Sall right. That's my privilege. Now for crimony sakes dry up and give me a chance to study.

CAR. Why di'n' you say so! This is a devil of a time to begin studyin'.

BERT. If it hadn't been for you, I'd 'a' had it all done last night.

CAR. For me! Wha'd I——

BERT. Yes, you. Didn't you get me to go to Boston last night when I oughter been studying, and get me to stay in late instead of coming out early?

CAR. Well, what do you know about that? Who was it came up to my room and suggested going to Boston, me or you? I—get you to go in! My word!

BERT. That's all right; you were the first to start in. You've always helped me into affairs like that. Always getting me in wrong with your chasing in town. If I'd stayed here studying more instead of letting you—instead of beating it round with you, I wouldn't be on pro. to-day. You never do any work yourself and think no one else wants to. It's just your lazy, indolent, Southern blood that you make so much brag about. You can't buckle down——

CAR. Cut that out! Cut it out! I won't stand fo't. (*Pause.*) It's too bad about you bein' led into temptation! Why don't you hire a nurse to take care o' you?

BERT (*imitating him*). Ah's got de bes' blood in V'ginia.

CAR. Look here! Don't you make any remarks about my blood or I'll knock you——

BERT. Don't you threaten me, you blasted slave-driver! If your blood's so fine why don't you talk like an American, and not like a filthy nigger? Get out of here now before I fire you out. You sicken me.

CAR. Like a—nigger! (*Starts toward BERT, who backs away.*) You miserable cur! I'll make you sweat blood for that!

[*Exit, meeting KID and HACK. at door.*]

Enter KID and HACK. KID has drawing-board, T-square, books, etc. HACK. has book.

KID. Hey, Dixey, what's your rush?

HACK. Gee, Carson's looking ugly! What is it; going out to make a kick against the system?

KID. Or did Molly throw him down?

BERT. No; I was throwing some things up to him, that's all. I guess he was some stirred up.

KID. What was it?

BERT. Oh, nothing much. What are you fellers going to do?

KID (*standing looking at him*). Hah?

BERT. Where—what are you doing with the drawing-board and things?

HACK. (*at tobacco-jar filling pipe*). Oh, we were going to study in here if you don't raise any—serious—objections. (*With a bow*.) Our room is cold as blazes, and so —

KID. Don't you believe him, Bert; it's as cold as icicles on the north side of the North Pole. Our janitor must 'a' gone to Jamaica for a sea bath. I don't want to be froze stiff.

BERT. All those north side rooms are cold. We had one first year. Well, you fellers have got to keep darn quiet, 'cause I'm going to study. If you don't, I'll fire you out, see?

(*Sits at desk and begins to study.*)

KID. Sure, the theory is all right.

(*Steps across and slips into chair at BERT's desk just before HACK. reaches it.*)

HACK. Hey, freshman, get out of there.

KID. Aw, g'wan, forget it; I got to draw; you can sit over there.

HACK. Oh, well, I don't care. Gi's a match. (*KID picks up match from desk and gives it to him.* HACK. *sits in arm-chair* L. KID *is drawing.* BERT *has thumbs on his ears, studying.* Pause.) What chow doing, Kid; designing a hen-coop?

KID. You're an A. B.; you wouldn't get wise if I told you. I'm doing some mechanical drawing.

HACK. What, do they let you do it in your room?

KID. Sh! Keep quiet,—can't you see Bert's studying? Besides, this ain't my room.

HACK. M-m, always working something off on the instructors. It's a wonder you wouldn't get your work done once in a while.

KID. I been too busy handing down matches and stuff. Now sop up your fine arts and stow the jabber.

HACK. (*pretending to be shocked*). Oh, Mr. Fraser, your slang is ghastly!

(*A pause as KID inks his drawing. Starts to put pen in his mouth and drops it on paper.*)

KID. Damn it all!

HACK. I beg pardon? What happened to you? (*Gets up.*)

KID. Will you look at that! Right on the paper! Wouldn't that come and get you? (*Business.*)

HACK. (*sitting again*). I'm sorry. What'll you do, draw it over?

KID. Draw it over, you pie-faced lemon! After I spent five hours on it? Not so's you'd notice it! I'll put the whole thing on the blink first. (*Business.*)

BERT (*writing*). Plus e-y over r-square—there, by gosh, I've got two of 'em down cold anyway. You fellows chew the rag like a couple of old women. (HACK. *is laughing at KID.*) What's the joke?

HACK. Kid's getting unsteady in his old age. Look what he's doing.

(BERT *looks at drawing.*)

BERT. Tough luck, Kid! Want some alcohol?

KID. Sure; got some?

BERT. Sure. (*Goes to his desk and gets bottle.*)

HACK. Better not give him any, he's shaky enough now.

KID. Oh, fly away!

BERT (*handing him bottle*). Here you are.

KID. Ah! Ad a boy! Much obliged to meetcha.

BERT. Well, I'm going down to see what Nancy's got to offer.

KID. Applied exam, Bert?

BERT. Ya. Son-of-a-gun, too.

KID. I'm sorry. Well, I wish you joy.

BERT. I won't have much. (*Goes to book again, recites formulas half under his breath, then closes book and puts it in desk rack.*) I've got two of 'em all right, anyhow. Lock the door when you come out. So long.

HACK. So long, Bert.

KID. Be good, Bert. (*Calls out.*) Remember the honor

system. (*Exit BERT, c.*) Gee, Bert is a good old hoss to gimme this alcohol. He's a darn fine guy when you come to a show down, Bert is.

HACK. Yep, he's all right. I've only got one thing against him.

KID (*interested*). What's that?

HACK. He's too solid with Janette Gordon.

KID. Well, what of it?

HACK. Oh, I don't know. I kinder think if it wasn't for him I'd stand in there myself pretty good. (*Smiles.*)

KID. You? Oh! Oh! Oh! Will you listen to him rave?—d'yuh think a wall-eyed prune like you would stand a show? Oh, my, oh, my! (*Business.*) That's what you laughed so darn hard about last night when I was jollying Bert. I'm wise now!

HACK. (*sarcastically*). Gee, but you're a wise kid, aren't you, what?

KID. I'm wise enough for that. But let me tell you now if you ever try to cut my old pal Bert out, I'll—s-slap you on the wrist.

HACK. I guess I won't cut him out. Too much bother.

KID. Ya,—sure,—bother! How'd he start going with her, anyway?

HACK. Why, freshman year he was class marshal and she was secretary, I think; so, seeing they were holding office together, why——

KID. Why, now they're holding hands, eh?

HACK. Sure. Never mind, I see her oftener than he does. She's in my classes. I'll see her at my next exam.

KID. When's your next one come?

HACK. 'Morrow. Eight forty-five.

KID. Humph! What is it, domestic science?

HACK. No, you're an engineer; you wouldn't get wise if I told you. Now keep quiet. I want to study, see?

KID. Oh! Study! Oh, yes. (*Pause; business.*)

HACK. Say, what do you s'pose was the matter between Bert and Carson when we came in?

KID. Gad, I dunno. Didn't he look some ugly though? Gee!

HACK. You bet! Bert sort 'a' passed it off though. These Southerners must have fierce tempers.

KID. Yes; d' juh see how mad he got when I started to kid him about Molly last night?

HACK. Gee, yes. I thought he'd lay you out before you'd stop.

KID. Ya! But he'd 'a' had to go some! Er—now keep quiet, I want to study—want to draw, see?

HACK. Oh, is that it? Draw? Oh, yes.

(Pause ; business.)

KID. Say, on the level now, this honor system's got my goat.

HACK. Why?

KID. Well, if the fellow beside you slips you a poke in the slats and says, "Hey, feller, what's Cos. 2 A?" you gotta put on a straight jacket, give him a Sunday-school eye and say, "Naughty, Willie!"

HACK. *(laughing)*. Oh, no. Just tip him a wink and ask him if he sees any hay-seed growing in your beard.

KID. Aw, that 'ud be kinder raw. And then, it says the instructors will remain long enough to answer necessary questions. I know five it'll be necessary for me to ask Professor Wrentham to-morrow.

HACK. Spring 'em. What are they?

KID. How to do the first five questions on the exam. He said I'd get by the course if I passed the exam.

HACK. The first five? How about the rest?

(HACK. picks up mandolin.)

KID. Oh, that's as far as I'll get. What d'yuh think I am? A greasy boner?

HACK. *(picking at mandolin)*. Oh, no, nothing like that.

(HACK. tries to play "Home, Sweet Home.")

KID *(after standing it as long as possible)*. Oh, hey! give it a drink, for the love of Mike!

HACK. *(putting it down)*. Well, you won't let me study.

KID. Oh, pity Mary Ann! I won't let him study! Ain't I the cut-up?

HACK. That's all right. If you ever get caught cribbing, when your case comes up, I'll give you a black eye with the Council.

KID. No you won't. D'yu think I'd let a mutt like you try me? Nix. I'd appeal. I don't see how you ever got put

on the Council, unless it was that pompadour. There's a lot of good points on that.

HACK. Oh, they've got to have some good men on it.

(KID *laughs scornfully as knocking is heard without.*)

KID. Tell it to Sweeney. (*Falsetto.*) Come in. (*Enter GRANT.*) Hey, Harvey, welcome to our city!

GRANT. What have you fellows done, moved in here?

HACK. Ah, Harvey! Just the man I'm looking for! Gimme one of your Turkish Trophies, will you?

KID. We came in here out of the breeze.

GRANT. Well, Jerry, did Deac. fix it up about Leo's oranges? (*Throws box to HACK.*)

HACK. No! You two and your darn bum gang o' rowdies!

(*Takes cigarette.*)

KID. Look out for him! That's the signal for him to go dippy.

GRANT. Ha, ha! When did he get wise?

(*Catches box which HACK. throws back.*)

KID. I put him wise after he'd seen Deac. Then y'oughter see him beat it.

(*HACK. pursues KID around table, tipping it a little.*)

GRANT. Look out, look out, you'll bust something.

HACK. (*stopping*). Well, give us a match. (*GRANT hands him matches; HACK. lights up.*) How's our system working down below?

KID. Sure—change the subject.

(*HACK. feigns to throw book. KID ducks.*)

GRANT. All right, I guess. There were three exams in Robinson the first two hours. Went all right. Some of the fellows went out for a smoke. They thought that was great.

HACK. Aw, I don't believe anybody'll try to queer it,—except Kid there. See what he's doing? Making a diagram to beat the system and cheat honestly.

(*Goes to table for match.*)

KID. There, I guess that'll do the son-of-a-gun. Don't

mind what that mutt says, Grant. He's a real honest-to-goodness soft guy. Look at him, readin' Fine Arts! What's Fine Arts about, Jerry; pretty pictures by Cuspidoro, or Gothic cooking utensils?

HACK. Young feller, you seem to forget that you're nothing but an insignificant freshman.

KID. Well, I've doped it out that I'd rather have insignificant freshness than significant sophness, whatever that is. I gotter take this down to the Prof. Come on down, soft guy, and I'll show you a good school.

HACK. What time is it? (*Pulls out watch.*) Guess I'll go down to the post-office anyway.

KID. Well, what time is it?

HACK. Quarter past twelve!

KID (*with affectation*). Oh, thank you so much! So generous of you, so exquisite, so demi-tasse, so excruciatingly eligaloptious! There, I bet you can't spell that one;—I can't.

HACK. When in doubt as to the spelling of a word go to your English instructor.

KID. And he will look it up in the dictionary.

GRANT. See if I got any mail, will you?

HACK. Sure. (*Starts for door.*)

KID. Sure, bring the fusser his mail. Hold on, Jerry. (*Near door, playfully with weird gestures.*) Oh, Harvey, just kinder—take care o' my room here while I'm gone, will you? Just—kinder—keep the mats straight, y'know,—and—keep the dust off the bookcase, 'n'—kinder—keep that Gamma Delta Pi pillow smooth,—'n'—y'know. (*Business.*)

GRANT (*amused*). Sure, I know.

HACK. (*outside*). Come on, Kid, come on.

KID. And say, if you want any tobacco, there's the jar on the table. Help yourself,—Jerry Hackett does.

HACK. (*coming in and pulling him toward door*). Come out of that and stop your cheap talk. Got a match?

[*Excunt KID and HACK.*]

KID (*outside*). Ow! No! Lea'me alone!—Hello, Inch! (*GRANT sits, to smoke. Enter MRS. MACINCHBALD, with broom, duster, etc.*)

MRS. M. Arrah, they're the divil's own byes, thim two.

GRANT. Oh, good morning, Auntie Inch!

MRS. M. Mrs. MacInchbald, if ye plaze.

GRANT (*grandiloquently*). Oh, I beg pardon, Mrs. MacInch-bald.

MRS. M. And phwhy are yez here at all, I dinno? Is it afther moving you are?

GRANT. No, just visiting, Mrs. MacInch.

MRS. M. MickInchbald, if ye plaze!

(Starts dusting behind GRANT.)

GRANT. Oh, yes, bald. (MRS. M. *nods.*) I forgot you were bald.

MRS. M. Yes.—Phwha-at? (*Feels of her head.*) No! Arrah the divil run away widchou altogether! Sure, I'd sooner be bald on the outside than on the inside.

(MRS. M. dusts table, in GRANT'S sight, vigorously. GRANT laughs.)

GRANT. Foreman Brown told me you were the slickest chamber girl on the Hill.

MRS. M. (*sentimentally*). Oh, he's an awful noice man, Misther Brown is. (*Stops dusting.*)

GRANT. Yes, he said you could hide the stuff you broke about as slick as anything he ever saw.

MRS. M. Ah! (*Turns quickly and knocks down small glass receptacle, which breaks; she sweeps pieces behind book-case. GRANT is laughing.*) I'll not shtay here t' be insulted. (*Goes into bedroom with broom, etc.*)

Enter BERT.

BERT. Oh, hello, Grant.

GRANT (*indifferently*). Hello. Taking advantage of your privilege, I see.

BERT. Yes, I'm pretty near through. Wanted a smoke, and left my cigarettes up here. (*Looks for cigarettes.*)

GRANT (*same*). I see. Hard exam?

BERT. Yes, pretty stiff. If I c'n finish the last one I'll get by, I think.

GRANT. Ah-hah.

[Exit.

(MRS. M. looks in at door.)

MRS. M. Good-morning, Mr. Flemming.

BERT (*looking at watch*). Good-afternoon, Mrs. Inchbald. (*MRS. M. goes quickly; BERT smiles.*) Yes, sir, if I could only finish that last one—— (*Sees "Applied" book and is tempted by it. Business. Turns away, gets cigarette on*

window-sill, then comes back to desk, slowly taking cigarette from box, and looking at book. Then turns quickly, and shakes his head.) If I could remember whether the *l* was in feet or inches. (*Lights cigarette.*) What did Dick say? (*Short pause.*) Gad! I remember!—"Inches, inches, you bone-head!" That's it, "Inches, you bone-head!"

[*Exit running, leaving door ajar.*]

Enter MRS. M.

MRS. M. (*indignantly*). Inches-ye-bone-head! Inches-ye-bone-head! Is it to *me* he was talking? (*Tosses her head.*) Inches-ye-bone-head, indeed! (*Goes back into bedroom.*)

(CAR. *looks in, then enters; puts book-bag on chair near door, and looks for something around room. Presently comes back to chair, looks through bag.*)

CAR. Where the deuce — (*Looks around again, and comes to BERT'S desk where he sees BERT'S "Applied" book.*) Here's his — (*Takes book and turns pages.*)

MRS. M. (*calling from bedroom*). Ar-ren't ye gone at all yet, Mr. Flemming?

CAR. (*laughing, aside*). She thinks I'm Bert. (*Aloud.*) No, I'm saying my prayers now.

MRS. M. (*same*). Arrah, g'wan wid ye! 'Tis divil the few prayers the loikes iv you'd be saying in the middle iv the morning.—Prayers!—Phwell!—Prayers!

(CAR. *takes book and walks floor, reading.*)

CAR. Here it is. "Rankine's formula—twelve thousand A over one plus L-square over thirty-six thousand R-square, plus E Y over R-square. Twelve thousand A over —" Hell!

(*Throws book, open, on desk, thrusts hands in pockets and goes to window.*)

MRS. M. (*calling from bedroom*). That's no prayer-book at all, that's a catechism!

CAR. Here comes Dick. I don't want him to find me here.

[*Exit, closing door, but leaving bag.*]

Enter DICK, as MRS. M. comes in.

MRS. M. Good-morning, Mr. Walthers.

DICK. Top o' the morning, Mrs. MacInchbald.

MRS. M. Arrah, that roommate iv yours is the devil's own bye entoirely. 'Tis bone-head he's afther calling me.

DICK (*laughing*). Bone-head?—Why, has he been here?

MRS. M. Sure, he's just afther coming in and saying his catechism (*laughing*), and then he wint out.

DICK (*puzzled*). Oh!

MRS. M. Yes! 'Tis "twelve thousand over hell" I heard him say, and me in the other room. Inches the bone-head, is it?

(*Tosses her head, takes broom, duster, etc. Exit, c.*)

DICK. Ha, ha, ha! "Inches the bone-head." (*Goes over toward BERT's desk, smiling.*) Twelve thousand over—— (*Sees book open and starts.*) Twelve thousand—ah—— (*Business; he laughs a little, and turns away. Then comes back, looks at book, and turns again. Walks away a little each time, but comes back each time more serious. Finally leans against table c. and speaks half aloud.*) Bert! (*Knocking on door.* DICK, *after a second.*) Come!

Enter GRANT.

GRANT. Hello, Dick. I brought down the book. What are you going to do to the exam?

DICK. Why,—I don't—just—know.

GRANT. No, you don't! (*Derisively.*) I guess you'll manage to pull by somehow, without any cribs. (*Seriously.*) The honor system was never made for chaps like you, Dick.

DICK. Why, that's funny; I was just thinking of that—the honor system. Do you fellows have to try all the cases?

GRANT. Sure.

DICK. Gee, you'll get into some regular lawyers' complications sometimes, won't you?

Enter CAR., without knocking.

CAR. Left my book-bag here somewhere.

(*Looks around for bag.*)

DICK. Oh, all right.

GRANT. Why, what do you mean,—complications?

DICK. Well, for instance, suppose you knew a fellow went into his room during his examination, and you went in just

after he left and found a book, or something, bearing on the examination, open on his desk, say?

(Business by CAR.; interested in what DICK is saying; finally goes over to where he can see book on BERT's desk. Starts, but says nothing.)

GRANT. Well, I don't know as that would necessarily mean anything,—it might, according to circumstances.

DICK. That's what I mean; suppose the fellow was down in his work, and needed to get by the exam in order to get by the course; and suppose there wasn't any one else in the room.

GRANT. I should say that was a pretty good case of circumstantial evidence.

DICK. You would? Would you convict a man on circumstantial evidence?

GRANT. I don't see why not, if it was good enough, and he couldn't prove his innocence.

(CAR., who is a little behind the others, starts forward as if to speak, when BERT bursts into room.)

BERT *(to CAR.)*. Hello, nigger-chaser! *(CAR. stiffens perceptibly.)* Gad, I bet I got by that exam! I came out to have a smoke, and it cleared my mind in great shape. I was kind of stuck on Rankine's formula, but as soon as I'd started to smoke a bit, it all came back like a flash. I think the honor system is all to the merry, myself.

DICK *(going over to BERT's desk)*. Bert,—you were in here during the exam. *(Points.)* There's what I found on your desk. *(BERT crosses to desk. DICK goes away from it.)* Bert Flemming, you cheated in that exam!

(BERT looks at book, then turns indignantly.)

BERT. It's a damned lie!

CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE.—*The Fine Arts room in the library. Door, c. Bookcases on both sides ; table and chairs. ARETH. is discovered looking along shelves. She selects two books, one of which she sits on, and covers with her dress ; begins to study the other.*

Enter HACK., who looks along place from which she has taken book. Finally turns to ARETH.

HACK. Er—beg your pardon, Miss Judkins. Have you seen Allgemeine Kunstgeschichte?

ARETH. Allgemeine Kunstgeschichte? No, I haven't seen it. *(Turns to her book.)*

HACK. Thank you. *(Continues his search.)*

Enter MOL. and JAN., with books ; they sit at table, talking in low tones. ARETH. glances up at them, then studies.

HACK. turns.

JAN. }
MOL. } Good-morning, Mr. Hackett.

HACK. Good-morning. *(He looks at shelves a second longer, then turns to JAN. and MOL.)* Have either of you seen Allgemeine Kunstgeschichte?

MOL. *(shaking her head).* No, I haven't.

JAN. I don't believe I know what it is. What does it look like?

HACK. Why, it's a leather-backed book, by Knackfusz and Zimmerman, about so long *(with hands)*, and so thick, all white scrolls on the cover. If you ever saw the cover you'd know it.

(ARETH., business of pulling skirt over book. MOL. shakes head again.)

JAN. N-no, I don't think I have seen it.

HACK. Thank you. Seems as if somebody always had the book you wanted the worst.

JAN. Yes, it does.

MOL. I know it. I tried three whole days in succession to

get a book, and some ma —— I mean some one got it first every time!

HACK. Hard lines. But you're beginning to hunt for books early, even for a freshman.

(MOL. *is not pleased.*)

JAN. (*a bit nervously*). You must have been kept terribly busy with your—with your Student Council work, Mr. Hackett?

(HACK. *looks wise.*)

HACK. Yes, you see, I was secretary. We finished up our case yesterday.

(ARETH. *looks up, glares, and studies again.*)

MOL. Oh, Mr. Hackett, is it true, then, that Mr. Flemming is to be expelled for cheating?

(*Then looks at JAN., aghast at her own temerity.*)

HACK. Yes. It was tough luck, but we had to do it.

MOL. Oh, I think it was just dreadful! I don't believe he ever did it,—he's so nice (JAN. *nods*) and—(*glancing at JAN.*) and Helen's brother, too.

(ARETH. *glares, then covers ears with hands, and studies.*)

HACK. Yes, I always thought he was a pretty nice chap (JAN. *nods*), and he declares he didn't cheat.

MOL. Why, then I don't see how you came to—to—have him expelled.

HACK. Well, I—don't—know as we're supposed to discuss it outside.

JAN. (*all admiration*). Oh, it must be so interesting to be secretary of the Student Council! And you must know so much about law and things. I wish I knew all about it!

(ARETH., *plainly disgusted, gets up, leaving book in chair and taking other; glares at them and exit.*)

HACK. Well, I suppose you won't mention it again.

MOL. } Oh, no!
JAN. }

HACK. Well, you see, it was this way. It was a clear case of circumstantial evidence. In the first place, we know that he hadn't been doing his work ——

JAN. Not doing his work? Why, what had he been doing?

HACK. Why,—I don't know—attending to—other things, I suppose.

JAN. Oh, I see. Please go on; why did you stop?

HACK. Why, you ——

JAN. I'm sure I didn't, did I, Molly? Aren't you going on?

HACK. Sure. He hadn't been doing his work, and was on pro. (JAN. *nods.*) So of course when we found he went to his room during the exam ——

MOL. Oh, he went to his room?

HACK. Yes; you know you're allowed to under the new system.

JAN. Molly, dear, please don't interrupt Mr. Hackett. What was it he went there for, anyway, Mr. Hackett?

HACK. For some cigarettes, he says.

JAN. Ugh! (*Business.* HACK. *slips box of cigarettes from coat pocket to back trousers pocket.* PROF. N. *looks in at door, then goes.*) Oh, you're stopping again!

HACK. Yes; and so,—and so when the book was found open on his desk to a place bearing on the examination, of course we had to convict him.

MOL. Oh, how perfectly horrid!

JAN. I don't see why you had to. For instance, I should think that even if any one hadn't been doing the work every single day, if he studied hard the night before, he might pass.

HACK. That's just the trouble. You see they went to town the night before,—he and Arthur Carson,—er, that is he went —er—out that night.

JAN. }
MOL. } Went in town!

MOL. Did you say that Arthur—Mr. Carson went to Boston the night before the exam?

HACK. Well, yes,—they did,—but —— (*Pause.*)

JAN. But I'm perfectly sure he didn't cheat; aren't you, Mr. Hackett?

HACK. Why,—yes. That is,—of course. He couldn't have ——

JAN. Yes, and thank you so much.

(*Turns back to him, and face to MOL.* HACK. *looks at them a moment as if to speak, when KID glances in, and seeing HACK., comes up to door.*)

KID. Hey, come away from that horse's head!

(HACK. *shakes his head, then turns and goes out, rapping head with knuckles.*)

MOL. Wasn't it perfectly dreadful for them to do such a thing! I never thought Arthur would do anything so foolish. Before a hard exam!

JAN. "Attending to other things," he said. When I told Bert he mustn't come down to see me quite so much, I meant for him to study more; but he hasn't, it seems.

MOL. What will Helen say? Let's go in and tell her.

JAN. No, call her in here. There's a whole crowd in the history room. (MOL. *goes to door, hisses and beckons.* Enter HEL.) Oh, Helen, Mr. Hackett was just in here;—he's on the Student Council, you know, and he told us all about how they happened to—to do what they did—about Bert.

HEL. You don't mean to tell me that they proved that he cheated?

MOL. Oh, no; he said it was——

JAN. Circumstantial evidence.

MOL. Yes, that's it. And he—oh, but he said not to mention it.

JAN. Oh, well, he won't mind if we tell just Helen.

MOL. No, of course not.

HEL. (*with impatience*). Then for pity's sake do tell me about it.

(*Sits in chair vacated by ARETH., before seeing book, then takes book and puts it on table.*)

JAN. We are; he——

MOL. (*seeing book*). Why! Why, there's the book!

HEL. What book?

MOL. The one Mr. Hackett was looking for.

JAN. So it is,—and Arethusa Judkins was sitting on it all the time!

MOL. The mean thing! Isn't she the limit?

HEL. Well, I think you're the limit. You haven't told me a word he said.

MOL. He said that he hadn't been doing his daily work, and——

JAN. And that if he got by applied he would be off pro.

MOL. And that he went into his room for some cigarettes during the exam, so that——

HEL. Yes, I know all about that part. What else?

JAN. And that he went to Boston the night before the exam with Mr. Carson instead of studying.

HEL. Went to Boston! Then Arethusa did see him. Oh, how could he have been so thoughtless!

MOL. Yes, and Arthur Carson told me how "ha-ahd" it was, and that he flunked it "co-old." No wonder he flunked it! I shall never speak to him again!

Enter ARETH., who hesitates on seeing book on table, then comes forward.

ARETH. I don't suppose you are using this book?

JAN. (*significantly*). No, but we thought we'd keep it for Mr. Hackett.

ARETH. (*taking book; petulantly*). Well, I don't care. I need it very much, and this is the only time I shall have to use it. (*Starts to go, then turns.*) Particularly since people choose to converse aloud here nearly all the time. [*Exit.*]

MOL. My, wasn't she crazy that we found out!

JAN. I don't care; it serves her right. (*Pause.*)

HEL. Oh, but I can't get over Bert's being so heedless. I don't know what father will say; I don't know. I must see Dick. Even if Bert didn't cheat,—to go in town——

MOL. Oh, but Helen, you don't think that he really cheated, do you?

(JAN. *shakes head.*)

HEL. Of course not. But if he would only come and tell me that he hadn't, no one could ever make me think he did.

JAN. He will come, when he knows you want him to, I'm sure. He just thinks that you know about his going in town, and is ashamed of that.

MOL. Of course. I think—perhaps—Mr. Carson might tell him you wanted to see him.

HEL. Yes, if you happen to see Mr. Carson, tell him, won't you?

MOL. (*looking at watch*). I think—I may—happen—to see him in about five minutes. (*Then in some confusion.*) Come on, Jan, let's take those books back. (*They start for the door.*

JAN. *goes out, but* MOL. *turns at door and comes back. Bending over* HEL. *affectionately.*) Helen, you know I'm awfully, awfully sorry, don't you, dear?

HEL. Yes, sweetheart, I know.

MOL. And I just know it will come out all right in the end. (*Confidently.*) I'll make Arthur Carson do some Sherlock Holmes work, for one, if he has to turn the college upside down.

HEL. My, but you're such a big bully, Molly!

(*Both laugh.* MOL. *starts to run out, almost colliding with DICK at door.*)

MOL. Oh, excuse me, Mr. Walthour.

DICK (*laughing*). I beg your pardon, Miss Atkins. (*Exit MOL. ; enter DICK.*) Good-morning, Helen.

HEL. Hello, Dick. I've been wanting to talk to you. Why didn't you come to tell me about Bert's going in town?

DICK. Who told you?

HEL. I heard about it. You might have told me.

DICK. I couldn't, Helen, I just couldn't. I thought I'd told you enough without making it any worse.

HEL. Oh, but it makes the evidence so much blacker. What made him do it? Couldn't you have kept him from it?

DICK. No, I did all I could except holding him. I talked to him as long as he'd listen, but it didn't do any good.

HEL. But think what father will say when he hears of that part! You know what happened the last time this kind of thing occurred.

DICK. I know. If it hadn't been for you, he'd never have sent Bert back to college, and I reminded Bert of it the next morning; that's when he said he'd study. But must he know it?

HEL. Of course. If Bert is expelled and goes home, father will want to know every single thing about it, and he's pretty likely to find out.

DICK. I know he is. I've tried every way I knew to prevent their convicting him, but they did it.

HEL. (*poking holes with her pencil*). I should think an easier way would have been not to have reported him?

DICK. Why, Helen, you can't mean that when I found the book I ought to have kept it to myself?

HEL. Well, yes;—no;—I—how do I know what I do mean? But I know it's mighty mean for Bert to have to leave for something he didn't do,—and I know you're responsible for it, too.

DICK. I know, I know. That's why it was so hard to tell, but what could I do?

HEL. I don't know. It seems as if it would have been so easy just not to have said anything about it—especially when you knew Bert would never cheat in the world.

DICK. Easy! Easy! Of course it would have been easy! It was one of the hardest things I ever did, and I wasn't sure that Bert hadn't cheated. Everything pointed against him. Can't you see? Under the honor system it was my duty, my moral obligation, to report what I believed to be a clear case of cheating. I simply had to.

HEL. Oh, dear! I suppose so. But Bert! Your own roommate,—your friend,—expelled from college! How could you do it? *(Covers her face.)*

DICK *(getting up)*. Helen, you're like all the rest. Girls don't want uprightness or decency in a man. I'd always thought they did, but they don't. They want the friendship of men who laugh at honor, and who never draw a line at — I know.—A fellow in college has a good many temptations that are hard to resist, and many's the time I've kept from—from things,—because I thought you'd want me to. And now when I've done this, the hardest thing I ever did in my life, because I thought that you would agree with me that it was the honorable thing to do, you—you—almost show me that it wasn't honor you cared for at all. What a fool I've been!

(Stands looking at her a moment, then goes quietly out. She has put her fingers in her ears, and her head down, so does not see him go. Presently she stretches out her hand toward where he stood.)

HEL. Dick!

(She looks up to see that he has gone. Goes to door, and meets BERT, who has just looked in.)

Enter BERT.

BERT. Hello! What's the matter?

HEL. Did you see Dick?

BERT. Yes, met him going down-stairs, thinking so fast that he never even saw me.

HEL. He does usually, doesn't he?

BERT. Does what?

HEL. Sees you, and speaks to you,—since the exam, I mean.

BERT. Sure he does.

HEL. And you to him,—after he reported you?

BERT. Sure I do. He only did his duty, and he's tried to keep 'em from convicting me since.

HEL. (*slowly*). That's right, Bert, he only did his duty.

BERT. Seen Carson anywhere?

HEL. Carson? No. I should think you'd have seen enough of Arthur Carson the night before the exams. Oh, Bert, whatever possessed you to go into Boston then?

BERT. I don't know. I was crazy; sore at Dick for being so sharp, and for myself for letting it bother me.

HEL. But it will make father so cross!

BERT. I know it. I won't tell him that unless I have to.

HEL. I'm afraid you will, because that was one thing that made the case so strong against you. But after all, you didn't look at the book during the examination, did you, Bert?

BERT. No, I did not. I tell you once for all—no! Whatever else I may have done, I didn't cheat in that examination.

HEL. Oh, I'm so glad to hear you say so! And Janette will be, too.

BERT. Say, did she think I cheated?

HEL. No, Bert, she didn't, but she'll be glad to hear you say you didn't. I'm going to tell her. (*She starts for door.*)

BERT. Say! Tell her—tell her I'd like to see her before I go, will you?

HEL. All right. But you're not going yet?

BERT. Not just yet. I want to see Carson first, and ——

HEL. Oh, yes, of course. What do you want to see him for?

BERT. Well, I was pretty rotten to him after that night, and I sort of want to square things with him a little, that's all.

HEL. Oh! Well, I'll tell Janette. [*Exit.*]

(*BERT sits at table. CAR. comes into doorway, looking at his watch, sees BERT, and turns to go. BERT turns and catches sight of him.*)

BERT. Oh, Carson! Wait a second; I want to speak to you.

Enter CAR., hardly glancing at BERT.

CAR. (*gruffly*). Well, fire away.

BERT. You see, I'm going away now—going home, and before I go, I want to apologize for saying what I did in the

room. You always treated me white, and my marks were my own fault. I was pretty rotten to say what I did. Will you shake before I go? (*Extends his hand.*)

CAR. (*shrinking a little*). Not—not yet.

BERT. Well, I'm sorry, Art; I wish you would. (CAR. *shakes his head without looking up.*) Perhaps I'll see you again later. I'll be down-stairs. [*Exit.*]

(CAR. *watches BERT go out, then sits dejectedly at end of table. ARETH. enters, coat on, book in hand. Business. In a moment enter MOL. who sits on seeing ARETH. Business. Both watch ARETH., who finally puts book away and exit haughtily.*)

MOL. (*glancing at watch*). You're late.

CAR. Why, Molly, I've been here five minutes.

MOL. Five minutes! And I've been here 'most fifteen!

CAR. I'm sorry I made you wait. I was looking over a Stanford catalogue, and didn't notice it was so late.

MOL. Stanford! Arthur Carson, you're not thinking of going to Stanford!

CAR. I'm not so sure. I don't think much of this here place. There's no spirit here, anyway.

MOL. No spirit here! Why should there be any, with men here talking that way? What makes you say such things?

CAR. Well, I don't know. Every one seems sore on the place. I'd like to see —

MOL. (*striking table*). Oh, how I hate that spirit! You'd like to see what? Do you know what I'd like to see? I'd like to see a 1915 movement right here.

CAR. (*anxious to please*). Say, that's a scheme. Why, Molly, if I weren't going to Stanford I believe I'd get the fellows to start one.

MOL. Start one, anyway! Besides (*relenting a little, and leaning toward CAR.*), you won't go to Stanford. You'll stay here and finish out here. One year at a place never did any one any good.

CAR. (*with a one-sided smile*). I guess I don't fit very well here.

MOL. Fit! Of course you don'—do; that is, you would if — (*Suddenly.*) Now look, Arthur; you start this 1915 movement. Start it now. And begin—(*dropping her pencil, which CAR. picks up*) and begin on yourself.

CAR. On myself!

MOL. (*boldly*). Yes, sir, on yourself. (*Pause. CAR. sits.*) Do it by suggestion. Keep telling yourself over and over, "This is the best engineering school—is the best college in the country"; keep saying it—live it, and you'll "fit."

CAR. (*looking straight in front*). Perhaps you're right.

MOL. Perhaps! I know I'm right. It all rests with yourself, Arthur.

CAR. (*nodding slowly*). That's so. I'll give it a try, anyhow.

(*HEL. passes the door and waves hand at MOL.*)

MOL. There's Helen. Why, poor thing, she's just miserable about her brother Bert. Oh, I wish some of you men would do something so that he wouldn't be expelled.

CAR. I—I never thought they'd expel him.

MOL. Who did? But everything was so black against him, and (*reproachfully*) what did you ever go in town for when you had a hard exam?

CAR. (*starting*). You know that, too?

MOL. Yes, I heard about it. No wonder you flunked the exam, and (*near tears*) you—you—it made it look so much worse for Bert. How could you be so foolish?

CAR. (*slowly*). I don't know. I've been sorry ever since.

MOL. And it's so awful and unjust, because, of course, he didn't cheat. (*CAR. starts.*) Why, what's the matter?

CAR. Nothing. I—I—I was just thinking of that myself.

MOL. Were you? Oh, then there must be some way to prove he didn't do it. Can't you do something? Isn't there some way?

CAR. (*rising, agitated*). There may be—just one.

MOL. (*jumping up*). Oh, then, why don't you try it? What are you waiting for? What is it?

CAR. Listen, Molly. Would you forgive me everything if I could prove Bert didn't crib?

MOL. (*excitedly*). Of course I would, everything—any —

CAR. No; but listen, Molly. I mean, would you forgive every single thing?

MOL. (*same*). Yes, yes, yes. If you can do it, why don't you, instead of standing there like a great big ninny? Can you?

CAR. (*squaring his shoulders*). I think so. I'm going down-stairs. Wait here. [*Exit.*]

MOL. (*going to door and calling sotto voce*). Helen! Janette! (*Beckons wildly. Enter HEL. and JAN.*) Oh, girls, he says he can prove that he didn't do it at all! Isn't it great?

HEL. Who? What?

JAN. Didn't do what? What are you talking about?

MOL. Arthur Carson—Bert! Silly! He's coming back to prove that Bert didn't cheat, the Faculty's twisted, and the verdict's on the blink.

HEL. Molly Atkins! What do you mean?

MOL. I mean what I say. You wait and see. I can do something, if I am a freshman, see if I can't!

JAN. Yes, but Molly —

Enter CAR., followed by BERT, DICK, GRANT and HACK., who look at him curiously.

MOL. There, here he is! Now wait and see.

CAR. (*gripping back of chair*). I called you all in here to say that Bert never cribbed in the exam.

ALL. What? What's that? What do you mean?

CAR. No. After I'd finished the exam, I wanted to see how I came out. Bob Daniels had my book, so I went in to look at Bert's. When I came out, I forgot to put it back, and left it open on his desk. That's all there was to it.

(Business. Excitement among the girls.)

DICK. But why didn't you tell us?

CAR. I was going to, but Bert came in just then, and called me—well, never mind what he called me. So that after what he done said before, I'd be hanged if I'd tell. (*Business. The girls exclaim.*) But I never thought they'd expel him.

GRANT. Well, Carson, that sounds all probable enough, but I don't believe it will satisfy the Council, unless you can prove it. Hope you can.

CAR. I had thought of that. Mrs. MacInchbald was in the bedroom when I came in. She heard me reading off the formula and called me Mr. Flemming. I let her think it was Bert, and told her I was saying my prayers. Then (*glancing at MOL.*) I swore, and she said I was saying my catechism. You ask her about it.

DICK. Jove, that's right! She did say Bert had been saying his catechism.

GRANT. Then she didn't see you in the room?

CAR. No, she just called out from the bedroom.

GRANT. Well, then, I guess it's all right. I'll go look her up. (*To BERT.*) I guess it isn't too soon to congratulate you, old man. (*Shakes with BERT.*) Come on, Jerry.

HACK. (*to BERT.*) By George, I'm mighty glad, old man. (*Turns to go, and then comes back.*) Say, Bert, you haven't got a cigarette, have you?

(*BERT hands him a box.*)

BERT. Keep it.

(*HACK. turns box upside down to show it is empty.*)

HACK. Stung! (*Throws box angrily in waste basket.*)

HEL. Oh, I'm so glad! [*Exeunt HACK. and GRANT.*]

BERT. What are you so glad about? I didn't know it was empty.

HEL. I didn't mean that. I was talking about you.

JAN. So am I, Bert. (*Offers her hand, which BERT takes.*) But I knew all the time you didn't do it.

BERT. Thanks.

CAR. Now, Bert, you-all know why I didn't shake hands before. I suppose you don't want to now?

BERT. But I *do*, though. (*They shake.*) I think I deserved all I got, and even if it wasn't just right to let me be fired, you did have pretty good cause for not saying anything.

CAR. Thanks, Bert. (*They talk apart.*)

DICK. Helen.—Do you still think I ought to have kept quiet, Helen?

HEL. No, Dick, you know I don't. I was sorry the minute you went; but I was so stirred up, I just couldn't think!

CAR. (*softly to MOL.*) You haven't forgotten what you promised, Molly?

MOL. No; but it wasn't fair to steal a promise that way.

CAR. Then you wouldn't have forgiven me if you hadn't promised to?

MOL. (*looking at her watch.*) What time do you ever expect to get to the Fells? (*Sotto voce to him.*) I'll tell you over there.

Enter KID.

KID. Hey, Bert, your father's over to the room. (*The*

others rise. HEL. starts toward BERT.) Wants you to come right over.—Beat it!

(Pushes BERT out the door.)

BERT *(turning outside door)*. Cheese it, here's Tard!

(Exit. HEL. seizes book right, KID left; DICK sits right end table, and JAN. left end; MOL. and CAR. sit up at side table. All appear to study. PROF. N. tiptoes his head through the door, smiles, and exit, with a "Bless-you-my-children" nod. All appear to study as)

CURTAIN



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SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Early morning in the kitchen of the Rudd bachelor establishment.

ACT II.—The Rudd library, five days later.

ACT III.—The same. Evening of the same day.

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MRS. LEWIS, *the minister's wife.*

MRS. LAWSON, *plump.*

MRS. BROWN, *anxious to get new church attendants.*

MRS. ADDISON, *very inquisitive.*

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